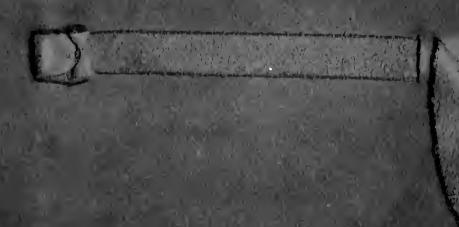
The Bluestocking



MCMIII











The BLUESTOCKING



BALDWIN COAT OF ARMS.

MARY BALDWIN SEMINARY, 1902-'03.

The portraits in this book are from photographs by Murray, Staunton, Virginia. 🔫 🔫



To

OUR ALMA MATER AND HER DAUGHTERS OF THE

PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE,

This book is dedicated

bу

The girls of 1903.

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School Song.

Tune: Tramp, Tramp, Tramp, the Boys are Marching.

M. B. S. the name we sing,
And our voices proudly ring,
As we join the mighty chorus
Full and strong.
Though our paths divided be,
We are loyal, true to thee,
Home of happiest schoolgirl days—
The M. B. S.

CHORUS.

White and yellow float forever, Colors bravest and the best; Hark! the echoes catch the strain, Sounding back the glad refrain: White and yellow float forever, M. B. S.

On the hillside green it stands,
Beacon-light to distant lands,
While the colors float above it
Fair and free.
Daughters fond from far and near
Pay a loving tribute here.
Fame hath wreathed the portal old
Of M. B. S.



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CANNINATION'S

Christmas Holidays.

'Tis not amiss to give a line To M. B. S. at Christmas time, The time when all rules were laid by, And hearts were light, and spirits high, When banished was all dignity, And in its place was jollity. The walls, which seemed grim and austere, Contained a deal of Christmas cheer-That spirit which pervades the air At yule-tide in lands everywhere. For forty maids of M. B. S. Who most inventive brains possess, Who always make the best of things, No matter what Dame Fortune brings, Decided not to wail and moan, Because they were away from home; Instead, to make this one December A time forever to remember. Success was theirs without a doubt, As you'll agree when you find out The many pleasures unalloyed, That those remaining ones enjoyed, And none indeed will so far go To say our holidays were slow. First was the game of basket-ball, At Staunton's famed athletic hall, Where teams of equal might and strength Engaged in contests of great length; And if it was a trifle rough, We did not think we'd seen enough

Until the game was really done, And though we cared not which side won, We gave the winning side their due, And cheered a hearty cheer or two. The following night, an undertaking Not of our own original making, But one which is of old renown, Where "rag and tag and velvet gown," And other styles of like array, Down in the "gym" did hold full sway: I'm sure there never was more hearty, Wholesome, frolicking, tacky party. The boxes now began to come, And each and every girl had one. So, many an oft-repeated feast Gave pleasure not at all the least; The love of feasting we can trace Down from the most primeval race, For ever since time first began, There's always been an "inner man." We never did have time for rest, For, after that, all fancy drest, To trip the light fantastic toe, Down in the ball-room (?) all did go. From gay soubrette to queen so fair, All other personages were there; Some of them were of famous note, And others were of names remote; It mattered not, when oft was seen A courtier dancing with his queen. And thus the hours soon were past Until the curfew tolled at last, When knights and ladies homeward went,

With fancy ball pleased and content. Old mother Goose, as she rode by, When on her way up through the sky, Beheld this revelry and fun, And tho' she's old, she, too, is young, And enters in with might and main To aught that is of lighter vein. So Christmas night she gave command That for a time we join her band: Then round about she cast her charm, And the' she did no mite of harm, No one, indeed, had ever thought That e'er such changes could be wrought As those within that one short hour, Occasioned by her magic power. Her band was present, every one, From King Cole to the Piper's son, And the fat old gent from far Bombay Did exercise unrivalled sway: For none were anxious to combat With a man so monstrous fat. Boy Blue was there, and Jack and Jill, And they were up to mischief still, And still the dame did shake and freeze, Whose skirts were cut up to her knees. But Simple Simon took the prize, Not for being wondrous wise, But as a paltry recompense For such an utter lack of sense. Of course Old Mother Goose was there, And in each game she took a share. And when at length her spell was o'er. And all the girls were as before,

She started on her skyward flight, We thanked her for the pleasant night, And also for her timely measure That added so much to our pleasure. Though half indeed has not been told, No more to you shall I unfold, For I did promise but a line To M. B. S. at Christmas time.

BLANCHE ADAIR.



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Graduates.



A long, deep draught from the crystal fount That flows from Helicon; And Mary has tasted the precious joy Of a life-work well begun.

As sunshine follows cloud,
As rainbow follows rain,
So Janie's fun to a troubled face,
Brings back the smile again.

Calm is this maid,
Unruffled and serene:
But of that depth
Which always marks
A student, whene'er seen.

Her finger tips bewitch the keys, Else whence could flow such notes as these, Such tones as soft as sun-kissed breeze?



A slender, graceful maid is she;
At music's shrine a devotee,
And in her sphere renowned she'll be,
Both far and near.

A wafted note from Orpheus' golden lyre With harmony did Lola's soul inspire.

Her brush she dips in shades of magic hue, And soon a world of beauty comes to view; For she in everything can beauty see; Some day an artist of renown she'll be.

Maid with eyes like starlight,
Tell to me, I pray,
Some of thy rare learning,
Making glad thy day,
And filling every heart with wisdom's kindly ray.

So bright and gay, you scarcely may Believe this maid a student; Yet such is she, and fitly we Pronounce her wise and prudent.



Shadows of Coming Events.



PROPHET, the last of those lonely ones of earth, stood gaunt upon the height, and caught glimpses of the years that stretch away beyond the mountains.

"'Twas the sunset of life gave him mystical lore, And coming events cast their shadows before."

Then the sunset of earth drew the shadow curtains from those distant peaks. Vision sought their gilded tops and lingered. The brightness dazzled, and the shining summits seemed blend-

ed in a golden path; a soul crossed it with the sunlight, and the mountain knew the prophet no more.

That was in the olden days. We climb perhaps to the same height, but we are practical and near-sighted. We see a mist where the mountains should be, and we see clearly only the valley before us. This escaped the prophet in his further range of vision, yet we do not doubt our reality, and we believe that our valley is one of the great ones, and that it holds its proper place in the record of fleeting time.

One scene in this valley on which many hearts are fixed, and the sunshine smiles, is the spot where the green hills fold the M. B. S.

Yes, this is a valley of material things, but on this May morning, who will deny that the very spirit of prophesy broods in the yellow and white mists circling our Alma Mater? The air is full of it, it enters through the chapel windows with the breeze, and in the hush, while the audience is intent upon the program, I listen to the spirit that breathes from the dreamy air. A mystical number rises before me, and a glance toward the rostrum shows the nine girl graduates. As I listen, the spirit will not tell me all about Mary, her life secrets are hidden from those who know her and love her best. But the spirit whispers, "She will be a blessing." And though two are met in after years, one is yet our Mary;

ah, we shall still know her when these amber mists have rolled away and disclose life's broader path.

"Janie," says my monitor, "is a synonym for sunshine, and like Spencer's virtue,

... " gives herself light, through darkness for to wade."

Her future is written to-day in her happy face, and, "he who runs may read.

"Mabel!" comes to me in a soft whisper, as my eyes next rest on a dreamy face. Oh! Mabel is to be our poet in the very true sense of the word; there are poets who have never written poetry. Hers is to be a life,

"Darkened by shadows of earth
But reflecting an image of heaven."

But three more faces catch my attention. The first, Cecilia. And what is the prophecy? a belle? We could have guessed it! Yes, those wide dark eyes and that supple grace will charm society, as the M. B. S. sends forth another lovely Southern belle.

And Willa? Soon she will swell the ranks of our alumnæ brides.

Mattie will study art in the city, then hope points to a time when she will come back to grace our studio, and be an inspiration to younger painters at Baldwin's.

Music,—the strains recall me; three other fair maidens go forth from us to-day.

Cameron and Creel. Something tells me that their ways will not divide, their ways of life, I mean. What they have practiced here (many things besides scales), will go with them into maturer years. And may those years be filled with sweet music, and none of discord.

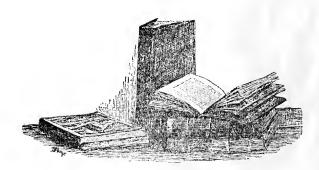
A pause,—and I can not write of all the future holds for Lola. This musician has made her mark in our little college sphere, and she goes forth to send her melody into the larger world, and to add a sweeter note to the universal harmony.

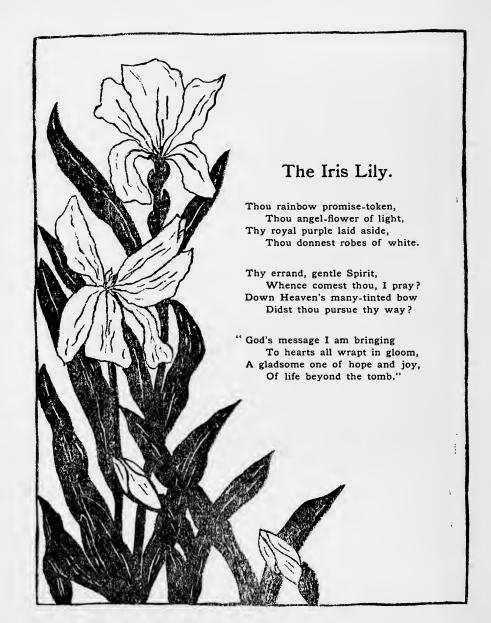
Yes, this is a material age, but the spirit has shown me the mystical number nine—a perfect number, the work of the M.B.S...

In my dream I stood on the mountain Where the prophet's feet had prest, I shared in his great revelation Of the golden-tinted West.

The peaks all shone in the distance; I wondered, but now I know, Those tops seemed bright to the prophet For the background valleys below.

CORNELIA MORGAN.





Her Portrait.

Dear portrait, last sweet memory of her,
The shining light, and queen of other days,—
Thou'rt faded now, and she has faded too,
Has vanished from my love-enraptured gaze.

Poor little portrait, do you think that you Could catch the glimmer of her beauty rare, And show the whiteness of her satin skin, Or burnished tinting of her golden hair?

O little rose, the happy life you led! You lived and died within her perfumed hair. She was God's flower, and blooms again for him, Perhaps you, too, have been transplanted there.

MARIE CLARKE BRUNSON.

To Mr. H. L. Lang, to Mr. Arista Hoge, to Mr. H. D. Murray, and to Mr. Albert Shultz, who kindly offered prizes respectively, for the best story, the best essay, the best poem, and the best drawing for the Bluestocking of 1903, the editors extend hearty thanks, also to the judges who made the decisions.

The prize for the best story, "The Son of Ahimiel," was awarded to Miss Mary Eppes Robertson; for the best essay, "The Children's Poet," to Miss Cornelia Morgan; for the best poem, "The Presence Invisible," to Miss Blanche Adair; for the best drawing, the Poster frontispiece, to Miss Mary Virna Colby.

The Son of Ahimiel.



T was a cold gray morning in November and all the world lay bleak and bare before the dying of the year. In spite of the cheerless day, a great crowd had gathered at a certain American city to see the steamer Loyd as she prepared for her outward voyage. A confused hum of voices, happy and sad, rising now and then to a maddening din, greeted the ear, and finally as the ship swung from her moorings, the noise lessened, the last farewells were shouted, and the busy throng made ready to

return to the life of the great city. There was one in the crowd who lingered long, very long, who watched until a figure on the vessel's deck could not be seen, until the ship had become a mere speck, and then with a weary sigh, he turned and wended his way back into the heart of the city. And the figure on the deck, that of a fragile girl with brown eves and a sweet sad mouth, watched as she stood beside a tall dignified man. until the last bit of land faded from her sight, and in her heart reiterated again and again. "It is useless. I shall never forget." As for the man by her side, he smiled as American shores were no more seen, and repeated as if in triumph, "A year of travel, and all will be well. A poor man, a man of humble family! Never!" Even now he pictured to himself his daughter as she graced the ancestral halls of some proud lord. "Money will do all things. But if she won't forget,"- he mused,-"time enough to think of that; for she will, she shall." But he forgot at that instant, that long ago when he was poor and unknown, the girl's mother had remembered.

It was again a dark, cold morning in early spring. The clouds lowered over Judean hills, and the chill winds gave little promise of birds and flowers. Helen de Laine shivered as she looked out upon the dreary day.

To-day they left Jerusalem, city of the Most High. Two months they had remained; she had grown to love some of the scenes around. She would not be sorry, however, to bid farewell to them, for she watched with a feverish restlessness the passing of the days. Each one brought her nearer to her native land and here—there was usually a pause, and with a last thought of that which followed the "and," she descended to greet her father and his friends. Each of the party had some favorite spot he wished to visit in the short time remaining before they left the city, and Helen was no exception. Her plan was quite different from that of her father; however, against his better judgment, she was permitted to set out accompanied by an old gentleman of the party, who agreed to rejoin the rest at a certain gate of the city. With her went the most trusted of the guides, an old Iew, who had been in their employment ever since their arrival. In spite of the day, Ierusalem was crowded, the narrow streets were filled with throngs of restless, hurrying humanity. In such a crowd it was easy to lose sight of one's friends, and Helen, absorbed in her own thoughts, did not notice much her surroundings. At every step the street grew narrower and more noisy, and with a start, she looked around her. Her companion was no where to be seen, only the guide was there, and the place was one of which she knew nothing. The old man assured her that it was of little use to go back. Near by was a small gate, not the appointed one; but by a certain path outside the walls, the guide informed her, the other could be easily reached. The road was one seemingly little used, but the old man had been always faithful and she suspected no harm. At every step it seemed to grow more lonely and after a short time no signs of travel were seen. A sudden fear seized upon the girl.

MA

"We are leaving the city far behind," she exclaimed. "Turn back at once!"

"There is nothing the matter, young lady," assured the old man. "This is only a different way."

But the girl was not to be deceived. In vain she threatened, commanded, then pleaded. The man kept obstinately on.

"Gold shall be yours," she urged.

It was of no avail. Could this be the quiet, faithful old man, she had known? The road was getting lonelier each moment, and there was none to help. She attempted to dismount, but a heavy hand was laid on her bridle and a threatening voice almost hissed,

"Be quiet, and I will do you no harm."

It was useless to cry out, none could hear her; useless to plead, for the man was obstinate; in silence the journey was pursued. Long they travelled thus, the quiet broken now and then by the prayers of the girl. She got no answer. Lonelier and lonelier grew the way. A turn in the road brought a glimpse of Jerusalem, the Holy City, far away in the distance. She was in the power of the treacherous guide, confronting a fate, she knew not what. Another turn, and the Holy City vanished from her sight, and with it her hope of rescue.

At that instant came a gleam of light. Down the rocky, narrow way, came a figure. She would offer her all; she would obtain deliverance. Nearer and nearer it advanced. It was an Arab—stern, grim, and cruel. "Not much to hope," she thought, "better the old Jew, whatever his purpose."

"Aha! I know thee in spite of thyself, Son of Ahimiel! We meet again! cried the Arab. "What hast thou here, thou vagabond? Dost thou take back thy treasure to thy lonely mountain fastness? The Judean wilderness befits not such a flower. Unhand her! By Mahomet! I shall make a better guardian. A pretty ransom she will bring, methinks. Paradise smiles! Out of my way, dog of a Jew! The dainty prize is not for thee, not for thine accursed, moody house. Out of my way, I tell thee!" and he sprang to the bridle.

"Nay! By the God of our fathers, thou shalt not! A curse be on thy head who lovest gold so well, thou false son of the desert! Out of my path, and tempt me not! The Lily of the West is thine over my dead body."

"Then die, thou wretch! I had thought to kill thee ere this day," and drawing his sword, the Arab rushed upon the old Jew.

The girl looked on in terror, with strained eyes and parched lips. He could never hold out against the lithe and agile Arab. Already time had laid his heavy hand on the old guide. The struggle began. The Jew succeeded in striking from the Arab's hand his weapon, and hand to hand, with the fierceness of beasts, they fought. The Arab's face was convulsed with rage, while the strength of the Jew surprised, and raised hope in the girl's heart. Fiercer and fiercer grew the combat. Hours it seemed in which they writhed and struggled. Would it never end? Suddenly one fell, and rolling, dragged his adversary with him. There was a ravine on the side of the path, and nearer and nearer the two approached. Another instant, and a body fell with a dull thud. Slowly the other figure advanced toward her, and she heard him say,

"He is not dead; but the light of day he will not see for many hours."

She looked again. Was she dreaming? Had her fright crazed her? Where was the Jew? The figure now advancing was not an old, feeble man, but one young, tall, full of strength, with eyes of fire, and a face firm, noble, sad. He was a Jew she saw, and the dress was that worn by the old guide. What could it mean? The horror of it all rushed over her. It was awful before—but now! She would offer gold again, she would implore anew. Hastily she took off her rings and unclasped from her neck a necklace of pearls, which she had worn concealed. To it was attached a locket of curious workmanship. The man came closer and with agonized voice she addressed him:

"Take, oh! take the jewels! Tell me what this horror means, and for the love of Him who watches over the defenceless, restore me to my people. Gold—my all shall be yours."

"Gold!" said the man, "the Son of Ahimiel cares not for gold. Let us onward."

The girl shuddered and in silence they pursued their way. She looked down at the necklace in her hand, lovingly fingered the golden locket, and pressed her face to it. Turning, the man looked upon the bowed head.

"The jewels!" he demanded The rings and necklace were quickly delivered, but the locket was retained.

" The other, I desire!"

Instinctively the girl's hands closed upon the locket more tightly. "No, no, not that!" she cried, "it is nothing; do not take it."

"They treasure not that which is nothing. Release it, I say!"

Again she waited. In silence he paused before her, and with a little cry of pain she laid it in his outstreched hand. At a touch the case flew open, and he beheld the features of a man; a noble, manly, passionate face it was, and the Jew regarded it as if fascinated.

"He is good," he said simply, "but what is he to thee?"

The girl waited with downcast eyes.

"What is he to thee, Pearl of the West?"

Still he was unanswered.

"You love?" he whispered.

Again there was silence.

"You love!" he hoarsely cried. "Answer!"

Slowly the girl bowed her head.

With a muttered curse he raised the locket and hurled it from him. Motionless he stood, as if he were turned to stone, and only the clenched hands betrayed the struggle. He turned at last.

"Pearl of the West, listen and forgive, if that can be. He loves thee. I, too, have loved. He would cause thee no pain. Only of thy happiness would he think. I love. My passion overpowers—two months ago I loved thee. Jerusalem then first received thee under her walls. It was brightness then, for thou wast there. I had left my mountain home for but a short time. I dare not, can not look upon the desolation of our race. I saw thee then, and knew not reason longer. Old Isaac the Jew was with thee all those months. It has been worth it all. To-day I was to lose thee. It could not be. Far up in the loneliness of the mountains dwells the Son of Ahimiel, scion of a once powerful house. Apart our house has lived, despised and outcast, only to mourn the glories which once were ours, and to implore the restoration of our people. Gloom,

desolation, shame, overshadowed my life. A gleam of light I saw across my pathway. Happiness could be mine. I sinned. I fell. I was mad; and the Arab showed me to myself. Forgive, I pray thee! O Daughter of the West, forgive!" He knelt in the dust at her feet. A great pity welled up in her heart—the suffering of the man! How he loved!

Gently she bade him rise. "Son of Ahimiel," she said simply, "I pity. I forgive."

It was almost night fall when two travellers reached a little village in Judea. Outside the gate they paused.

"You are safe now," said the man; "the women," pointing to some near by," will conduct you to your English friends. I go back to mine own life, and may no shadow ever cross thy path."

Before she could answer, he had turned and left her. Swiftly and with bowed head he walked. She waited until he was far distant. Toward the lonely mountain he directed his course. Upon the bowed head rested the last rays of the setting sun, and as it sank in the glowing west, he passed over the crest of the hill and was gone. Darkness was gathering over all.

"Eternal midnight!" he murmured with rigid lips. Closing his eyes he tried to shut it out, and covered his face with a little piece of lace and linen that had once been hers.

MARY EPPES ROBERTSON.

Founded on fact.



Regret.

Fancy in her whims capricious

Leads my thoughts in devious ways,
Brings the past again before me,

Memories of bygone days.

And as shadows play before me,
One I single from the rest;
'Tis the form, tho' vague and wavering,
Of the one my heart loved best.

And with her again I'm roaming,
And I dream the old dreams o'er,
Listen to her softly whispering,
As I did in days of yore.

If a draught from Lethe's waters
Could but cause me to forget,
Then would cease my useless sighing,
And my constant, vain regret.

Still my heart with anxious longing
Is remembering the while,
And the tears that start unbidden,
I must cover with a smile.

BLANCHE ADAIR.

M. B. S. Bows.

There are bows on her dresses, and bows on her hats, There are bows on her shoes and her hair; For bows must find place in the ribbon and lace Of this bow-loving maiden so fair.

There are pink bows and blue—every size, every hue,
There are black bows, and white for soirees;
Bows, bows, always bows, from her head to her toes,
Thus surrounded as if in a maze.

Beau ideal, too, you may find on her wall;
And since I have entered the plot,
'Tis sad to relate, by the hand of stern fate,
That too often we find the beau (k)not.

Yet alack and alas! with all her fine bows,
'Tis a sorrowful thing I declare,
Though she pines and she sighs with beseeching young eyes,
Yet the beau of her choice is not there.



Calendar.

SEPTEMBER.

4th-School opens - - - old girls conspicuous for their absence.

13th-Tau Delta Sigma re-organize.

20th-Re-organization of Phi Kappa Epsilon.

27th - Organization of D. D. C.

OCTOBER.

4th-Miss Tenney's Feast.

5th-Organization of Kappa Alpha Pi.

7th-C. O. D. re-organization.

11th-" Senses Party" in Y. W. C. A. room.—Re-organization of Delta Sigma Phi.

18th-Delta Sigma Phi banquet.

25th-Miss Long's banquet at Cave Spring.

NOVEMBER.

14th-U. Va. Glee Club.

21st-Mock Wedding.

27th—Thanksgiving Day - - - feasts without number - - - German.

28th-Y. W. C. A. meetings begin - - - reception.

DECEMBER.

11th-Professor Eisenberg's soiree.

13th-Kappa Delta Phi banquet.

19th-Holidays begin!

30th—School re-opens - - - editors not prepared to report on promptness.

IANUARY.

11th—Effie Ellsler in "When Knighthood Was in Flower."
24th—"Mother Goose" Party.
30th—Misses Stephensons' Feast.

FEBRUARY.

6th—Professor Hamer's soiree.

13th—Reading of "Kentucky Cardinal" at Y. M. C. A.

14th—"Sweet Clover." - - - Valentine Party in Gym.

20th—Miss Shelling's and Professor Beardsworth's soiree.

21st—Kappa Delta Phi goating.

28th—Enter "measles."

MARCH.

7th—Elizabethan Revels. 20th—Miss Frost's soiree. 27th—Miss Parson's soiree. 28th—" Baby Party."

APRIL.

8th-Easter vacation - - - Hurrah for Natural Bridge!

MAY.

24th—Baccalaureate Sermon. 25th—Commencement Soiree. 26th—Closing Exercises.

Johnsoniana.

TOM, TOM, THE PIPER'S SON.

Thomas, Thomas, masculine offspring of the pipe manipulator, Hypothecated a shoat and proceeded actively in another direction. The infantile porker was consumed, and Thomas was subjected to punitive measures,

And Thomas betook himself with great celerity along the public way, Uttering long and resonant wails.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE.

Hey diddle diddle, the feline and the musical instrument, The bovine bounded over the lunar sphere. The wee canine cachinated to observe such joviality And the crockery eloped with the stirring utensil.

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

Primigenous Mother Hubbard advanced to the receptacle in the mural partition,

To procure for her meager canine an osseous tid-bit.

But when she attained her destination, the buffet was destitute of edibles.

Therefore the emaciated canine received no sustenance.

LITTLE JACK HORNER.

Diminutive John Horner occupied a position in a space comprised between two converging walls,

Masticating his Yule-tide nutriment baked between two layers of pastry. He inserted the digit on the radial side of his hand,

And extricated a specimen of the edible fruit of the Prunus Domesticus, And remarked, "What a virtuous youth I do appear!"

JACK SPRATT.

John Spratte was unable to deglutinate any oleaginous matter,

His connubial affinity found it impossible to masticate the minutest particle of macilent substance,

And thus, by the co-operation of their dual energies, the courteous peruser will observe.

They so effectually manipulated their lingual appendages

That the porcelain receptacle was superabundantly supplied with hopeless vacuity.



Rock-a-by Lady, from Hush-a-by Street," and our eyelids droop at the mere mention of her.

There are many of his tender ballads sung to the sweetest music, but we are all so familiar with them that mention would prove superfluous. Who can bear, however, from dwelling on "Little Boy Blue," and "The Passing Saint?" They are so dear to all of us that they need no freshening in our memory, and such pure, simple verses could never be explained; they leave their impress of sympathy on every heart, young and old, and in them we see the key, his love for one little boy, that opened his great heart, and gave all little people a share.

The Eugene Field School in St. Louis was dedicated to his memory, and there is a memorial fund being accumulated for which there is no need. The music which came into the world at his birth cannot live through marble statues, but as long as there is a heart to beat in the universe, so long will the influence of his life and verse live on. He humbled himself and became as a child, and we know that his life is an illustration of the Master's words, "Except ye become as little children, ye shall not enter the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven."

CORNELIA MORGAN.



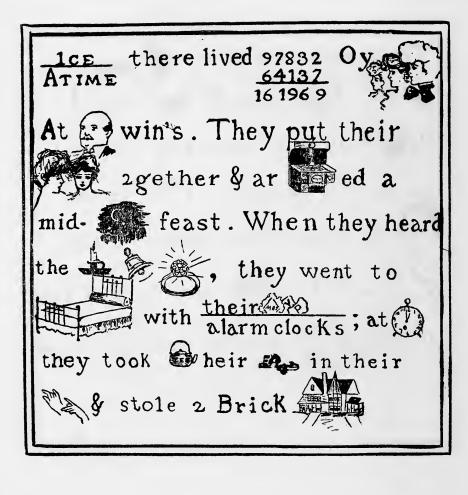
In "Dixie Land."

A brown little house
With a deep well before it,
And a pretty pink rose
Clinging lovingly o'er it,
Then the old wooden fence,
And the gate ne'er forgotten,
With the gold of the corn,
And the snow of the cotton.

The drowsy sheep-dog
In the old door-way blinking,
A negro wood-chopping
As the red sun is sinking;
Shadows falling fast,
And in dreams long forgotten,
I recall the tall corn,
And the long rows of cotton,

A hush in the air,
As the long day is dying;
The tinkle of banjo,
And the night breezes sighing.
O home of my heart,
In the north wind forgotten,
Still I long for your corn,
And your long rows of cotton.

PHILO HIGGINS.





Through the Looking-Glass.

"To hold as 'twere, the mirror up to nature."

Name.	Chief Characteristic.	She Admires.	Favorite Expression.	Admired for	Chief Occupation.	She Wants to be.	She Probably Will Be.
Addie Brubaker.	Her walk.	Our Beauty.	" Listen, here."	Her frankness.	Chewing the rag.	Like Phœbe.	Mrs. Max.
Florence Houston.	Her Pompadour.	Miss Alward.	"Gee gosh!"	Her intellec- tual capacity	Reading . paper backs.	A Mrs. Somebody.	Disappointed.
Janie Williams.	Sunshine.	Jack.	"O shoot!"	Her stick-at- it-ness.	Eating peanu butter.	t Jill.	Whatever she desires.
Ophelia Percival.	A Giggle.	Girlie.	"Shoot, toot!"	Her dancing.	Eating peanu butter.	t Loved.	?
Jessielee Decker.	Style.	No. 9, Sky High.	"Great globs!"	Her complexion.	Eating peanu butter.	An artist.	Gibson's rival.
Annie Laurie Worthington	Solemnity.	Gay Actors.	"Great Scot!"	Her command of language.	Eating peanu butter.	A scholar.	A summer girl.
Hilda Morris.	Fainting Fits.	Georgia Crackers.	"Will you catch on to that and swing?"	Her rag time	Eating peanu butter.	An opera	A wandering minstrel.
Mabel Slappey.	Natural Affectation.	Ethics.	"О, стаску!"	Her eyes.	Shrugging her shoulders	Divinely tall.	Vice versa.
Laura Boyd.	Sweetness.	Her Room-mate.	"Awh shaw!"	Her winning ways.	Reading up lit.	A society belle.	A neat little housekeeper.
The Two Helens.	Mutual Admiration.	The Other Helen.	"Have you seen Helen?"	Various talents.	Cofiding in Helen.	Together.	Two hearts that beat as one.
Marian Lindsey.	Laziness.	Any Old Body.	Any old thing.	Her generosity.	Day- dreaming.	A lady of leisure.	Tired.
Cecelia Woods.	Prettiness.	The good, the true, the beautiful.	"Cele don't like flies."	Her modesty.	Burning the midnight oil	Well educated.	Sought after.
Gore Fulton.	Her Horsehair Switch.	The Delta Sigma Phi's.	" Go to!"	Her gentleness.	Cracking jokes.	Considered witty.	A graphaphone.
Virginia Rosser.	Her Hair.	Suitors.	"O doote!"	Her melodious voice.	Recreation.	Married.	Behind the footlights.
 Laura Williams. 	Grown-up- ness.	Style.	"I crave that!"	Willingness to help others.	Arranging her coiffure.	A debutante	An old maid of 15.
Cameron Browning.	Nonchalance.	Professor Hamer.	"Scratch me!"	Don't-care- ness.	Clawing the ivory.	A rival of Paderewski	Matron in an orphan asylum.
Edith Seymour.	Aloofnesss.	Sarcasm.	" How cotish!"	Her good looks.	Parading the terrace.	A social success.	Mrs. Beta.
Louise Williams.	Her Room.	Gameness.	"Chase yourself!"	Her good nature.	Copyng dic	. An angel.	An imp.
Eleanor Morris.	Pale and Intellectual.	Doctors.	"O scat!"	Her wit.	Emitting wisdom.	Wicked.	A missionary.

The Pernicious Influence of Moonlight.



ETTY was unanimously conceded to be a very nice girl,— and a most exasperating one. She always kept at least three men dangling on her string; men who were perfectly sure that they would be eventually dropped, but who could not possibly bring themselves to do the throwing over. Betty was equally amazed when each new victim proposed; was properly grieved to have to refuse him, and hurt and indignant, when informed that she had been leading him on and had destroyed his faith in woman.

These blighted beings then retired from the ranks and watched with sympathetic interest, the downfall of her next suitor.

The popular belief had come to be that Betty was absolutely and entirely without heart. This was a mistake. She had a heart of which she was some times unpleasantly conscious, in connection with a certain big, good-looking man, with grave eyes, who had alternately disapproved, scolded, and proposed to her, ever since she could very well remember. Each time she had to refuse Stuart Harris, it was a little harder, and she knew in her heart of hearts, that the time would come when she would have to admit that she could care for a common, ordinary man, after all. But in the meantime Stuart knew nothing of all this, and so went calmly and patiently on, disapproving, scolding, and proposing.

The first real snow-storm of the season had fallen, and an old-fashioned sleigh-ride had been gotten up on the spur of the moment. After a supper and some dancing at the country club, the happy, hilarious crowd had all been bundled into the rickety old bob-sleigh, and with the jingle of bells, had started on their moonlight ride homewards.

Betty was sitting across from Stuart, with a love-lorn youth on each side of her, whom she alternately raised to untold bliss, or dropped to the depths of despair. Betty was in her element, making facetious re-

marks for the benefit of the man across, ignoring the disapproval in his eyes, and glorying in the thought of the scolding that was sure to come.

It may have been the influence of the moonlight or perhaps their hands were cold. Again, it may have been the atmosphere of an old-fashioned sleigh-ride. Whatever it may have been, something simultaneously inspired those two foolish young men who were sitting on each side of Betty, to see what would happen if they put their hands in her muff. Betty felt a hand stealthily creeping into her muff from each side. She knew that four hands in one muff would never do, so she quickly withdrew hers, and slipped them under the robe. After this Betty was strangely silent. Her two adorers were ridiculously, blissfully happy. Not only did Betty graciously submit to having her hand held, each one was thinking, but she was actually responsive. Pressure met pressure. Each youth wore on his countenance a happy, moon-lit smile. The others were more quiet now also. A few at the other end of the sleigh were singing softly, accompanied by the tinkling bells.

Suddenly an irrepressible gurgle proceeded from Betty.

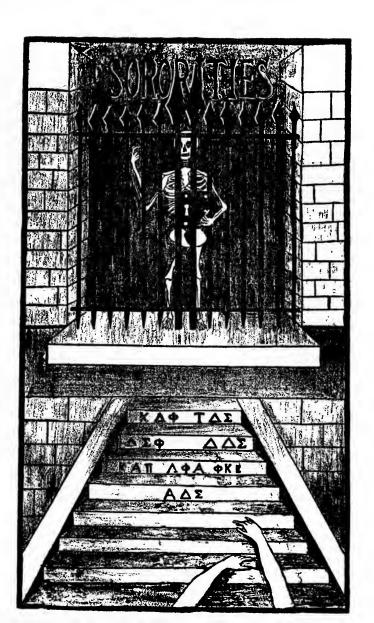
"Billy," she remarked in a clear, sweet voice, "if you and Mr. Moffit are quite through holding hands, I believe I'll take my muff again."

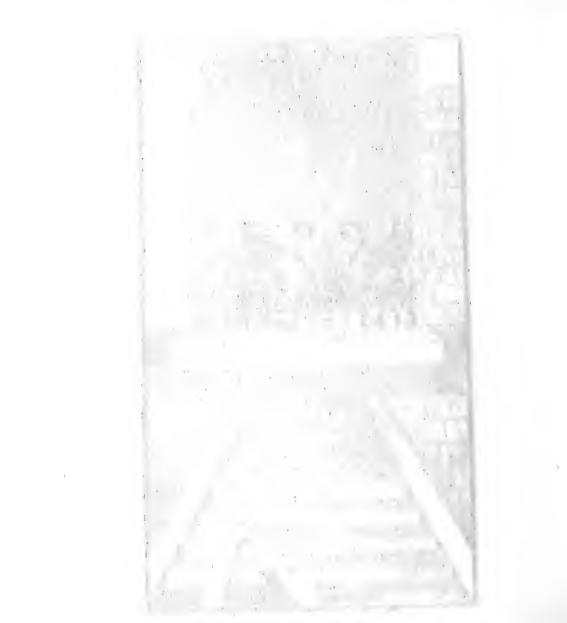
For a moment there was an embarrassed silence, and then as the full force of the joke broke upon the crowd, there was a storm of laughter and jeers at the expense of poor Billy and Mr. Moffit. In the general confusion that followed, these two unfortunate suitors found themselves in the opposite end of the sleigh, and Betty found Stuart sitting beside her.

First she gave a little embarrassed laugh. Then she sighed.

"Well, scold!" she remarked in a small, resigned voice. But, strange to relate, Stuart did not seem inclined to scold. Instead he did just what Billy and Mr. Moffit had done; he put his hand in Betty's muff. Perhaps she was a little bored with flirting in general, and with flirting with Billy and Mr. Moffit in particular. At all events, she did not draw her own hands away. And when Stuart proposed that night, on the front porch, Bettie did not find it necessary to destroy his faith in woman for the eleventh time.

HELEN MIRIAM SHELDON.







Kappa Delta Phi.

COLORS: Black and Gold. FLOWER: Black-eyed Susan.

YELL.

Kai yi, Kai yi! Kip gosh tie! Kappa Delta, Kappa Delta! Kappa Delta Phi!

MEMBERS.

1 Josephine Sheppard Budd Petersburg, Virginia
2 Rosalie Shafer Milnes Ashland, Virginia
3 Eleanor Dorset Morris Dover, Delaware
4 Ann Belle Patteson Petersburg, Virginia
5 Esteline Paxton Woodstock, Virginia
6 Cara Edith Seymour Richmond, Virginia
⁷ Ethel Innes Swann Louisville, Kentucky
8 Anne May Young Louisville, Kentucky
9 Martha Paul Young, Louisville, Kentucky







i

Delta Sigma Phi.

ALPHA CHAPTER.

Sorores in Urbe.

² Lucy B. Bowles

1 Marie C. Brunson

6 Lilian B. Parks

10 Phœbe Jones

3 Emmie Jones

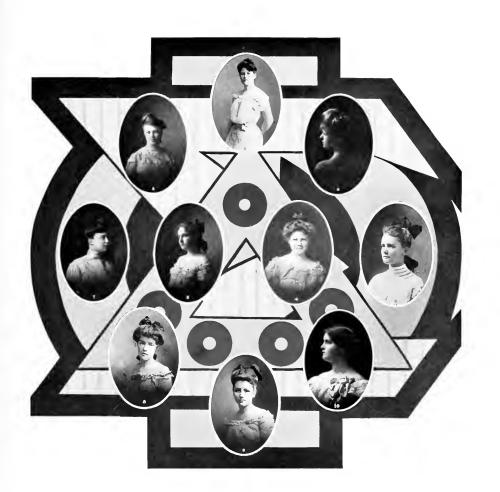
5 Gertrude E. Long

Katharine McDermont

9 Janet C. Stephenson 8 Margaret B. Stephenson

7 Mary H. Turk

4 Mimi A. Borcheis







Tau Delta Sigma.

MOTTO:

Edite, bibite, gaudete.

COLORS: Crimson and Black. FLOWER:

Jacqueminot Rose.

STONE: Diamond.

MEMBERS.

Louise Powell										1	Μi	ississippi
² Henrietta Laura Boyd												Georgia
3 Marian Agnes Lindsey												Virginia
4 Cecilia Woods												Georgia
5 Louise Ophelia Percivall												Virginia
6 Aleda Krockow Tenney								5	So	u	h	Carolina

ABSENT MEMBERS.

Laura Rebekah Boyd,
Clara Louise Carr, North Carolina.
Louise Prescott Mealey,
Dora Ella Northington,
Mary Stamps Royster
Fannie Webb Royster,







Delta Delta Sigma.

MOTTO:

It was to be, it is, and ever will be.

COLORS: Blue and Gray. FLOWER.
Forget-me-not.

YELL.

Hi Ki, Sky High, Rip! Rah! Ree! Delta Delta Sigma, Nineteen-Three.

1 Beryl Hutton	West Virginia
7 Blanche Adair	Texas
² Nina Heflin	Texas
5 Zora Knopsnyder	Pennsylvania
3 Helen Waite	Ohio
4 Kathryn Swan	Indiana
6 Eve Miller	Indiana







Phi Kappa Epsilon.

ALPHA CHAPTER, Mary Baldwin Seminary, Virginia. BETA CHAPTER, Hollins Institute, Virginia.

COLORS:

FLOWER:
Violet.

Dark Green and White.

STONE: Pearl.

MEMBERS.

Mary Crawford Virginia
 Mary Tilghman . . . Maryland
 Margaret Fentress . Tennessee
 Anne Skeggs . . Alabama

ABSENT MEMBERS.

Mamie L. Gillis							٠				Maryland
Elizabeth K. Houston		 									Delaware
Edna Smith										Pe	nnsylvania







Kappa Alpha Pi.

Founded October 5th, 1902.

MOTTO:

Cotidie, hodie, et semper.

FLOWER:

Blue and Gold.

COLORS:

Violet. YELL.

Hi, Hi, Hi, Kappa Alpha Pi, Razzle, Dazzle, Zip, Boom, Bah, Kappa Alpha Pi.

I J. Reine Harvey	. Tennessee.
² Anna Belle Garner	New Jersey.
3 Virginia Marie Baile	. Maryland.
4 Fannie Heiberger	ington, D. C.
s Mabel Prescott Slappey	Georgia.
6 Olive King	Virginia.
Mary Gore Fulton	Kentucky.







Lambda Phi Alpha.

MOTTO:

To thine own self be true.

COLORS: FLOWER:
Garnet and Blue. Jessamine.

YELL.

Sis-boom-ah!
Hip-la! Hoop-la! ha! ha! ha!
Lambda Phi Alpha! Rah! Rah! Ree!
Zip! Zah! Zee! Who are we!
Lambda Phi Alpha Sorority!

Allie Lee Fox
² Lydia Bell Houston
3 Louise Latham Lake Illinois
4 Mattie Orto
5 Gabriella Martin



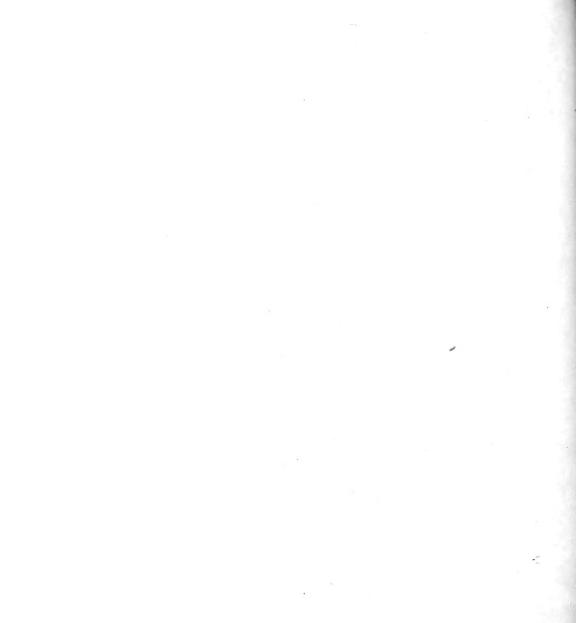




C. O. D.

FLOWER: COLOR: Carnation. Red. OFFICERS. 7 Mimi A. Borcheis Secretary and Treasurer MEMBERS. 7 Mimi A. Borcheis 1 Nettie Mosby 8 Janet C. Stephenson 2 R. Munger 9 Phœbe Jones 3 Lillian Parks 4 Lucie B. Bowles 10 A. L. Worthington 11 Gertrude Long 5 Mary Turk 12 Em Jones 6 Margaret B. Stephenson 13 Marie Brunson.







A. A.

FRAT OF FRATS.

KAPPA DELTA PHI.

TAU DELTA SIGMA.

Josephine Sheppard Budd Virginia	Henrietta
Eleanor Dorset Morris Delaware	Marian A
Esteline Paxton Virginia	Louise O
Cara Edith Seymour Virginia	Louise Po
Ethel Innes Swann Kentucky	Alida Kro
Anne May Young Kentucky	Cecilia V
Martha Paul Young Kentucky	

Henrietta Laura Boyd Georgia
Marian Agnes Lindsey . . . Virginia
Louise Ophelia Percivall . . . Virginia
Louise Powell Mississippi
Alida Krockow Tenney . South Carolina
Cecilia Woods Georgia

HONORARY.

Rosalie Shafer Milnes Virginia Ann Belle Patteson Virginia





Glee Club.

FIRST SOPRANOS.

SECOND SOPRANOS.

Lee Fox
Jo Gwin
Nina Heflin
Hortense Loeb
Gertrude Long
Kate Leftwich
Hilda Morris
Edna Phillips
Helen Sheldon
Josephine Woods

Carmelite Cleveland
Lydia Houston
Cornelia Morgan
Mary Mann
Nettie Mosby
Mattie Orto
Louise Powell
Ophelia Percivall
Esteline Paxton
Lillian Parks
Alida Tenney
Alice Wenger

FIRST ALTOS.

SECOND ALTOS.

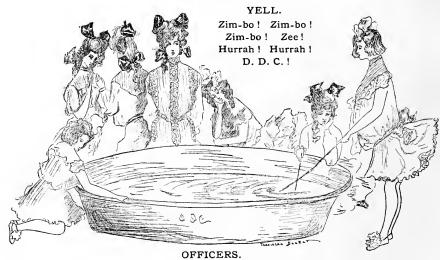
Marie Baile Nan Rachel Borden Virna Colby Margaret Fentress Elizabeth Hall Marian Lindsey Helen Waite

Nan Morgan Marie Ramsey Edith Seymour Ethel Swann Louise Williams

D. D. C.

MOTTO: Do unto others, for they'd like to do you, but do them first.

FLOWER: American Beauty.

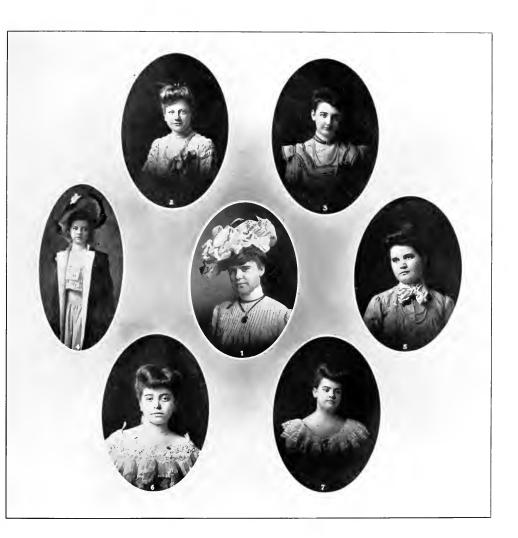


Joyce Bishop									President.
Laura William									
Lilla Martin									Treasurer.

MEMBERS.

1 Joyce Bishop
² Claude Coleman
3 Katherine Shuey Washington, D. C.
4 Laura Williams West Virginia.
5 Lilla Martin South Carolina.
6 Gertrude Rubel Mississippi.
7 Helene Borcheis Virginia.
8 Marguerite Coleman
9 Lisa McDermont* Ohio.

^{*}Died December 12, 1902.











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			*	
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		~		

S. W. C.



Cara Edith Seymour
Rosa Budd Munger
Mary Virna Colby
Louise Ophelia Percivall
Ethel Innes Swann
Esteline Paxton
Janet Campbell Stephenson
Eleanor Dorset Morris
Mary Houston Turk
Margaret Beale Stephenson
Cecilia Woods
Alida Krockow Tenney
Josephine Sheppard Budd
Ann Bell Patteson
Rosalie Shafer Milnes



COLOR:

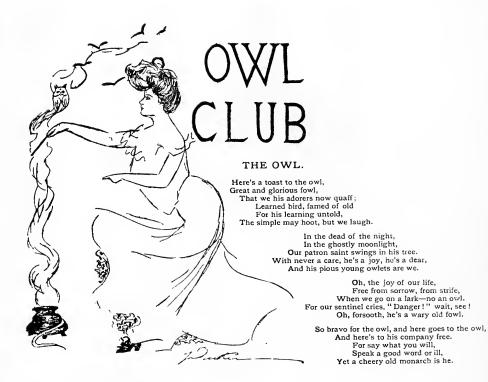
Flaming Red.

MOTTO:

"Eat, drink, and be merry."

President Anna Belle Garner

Katherine Bean Lydia Houston Olive King Louise Lake Susie Lee McElroy Saide Moore Mabel Slappey Sue Smith Lizzie Strayer Mary Turk



FLOWER:
Moon Flower.

colors: Grey and White.

PASSWORD: "Up All Night."

Pidgey Parks

Bunny Brunson

Thornton Jones

Shorty Long Turkey Turk Loony Bowles
Zip Munger

Mimps Borcheis

Basket Ball Team.

" CRACKERJACKS."



Ge hee! Ge ha!
Ge ha! ha! ha!
Baldwin! Crackerjacks!
Vir-gin-i-a!

Mary Turk, C.
Anne Skeggs, S. F.
Gertrude Long, S. G.
Louise Lake, R. F.
Aleda Tenney, R. G.
Louise Powell, Sub.
Annabel Garner, Snb.
Lulu Wetherell, Sub.

Lilian Parks, C.
Esteline Paxton, S. F.
Mary Gore Fulton, S. G.
Martha Young, R. F.
Mary Crawford, R. G.
Ruth Givens, Sub.
Ethel Swann, Sub.

Fanny Heiberger, Umpire. Claude Coleman, Referee.





Golf Club.

> Edith Seymour Josephine Budd Eleanor Morris Virna Colby Rosa Munger Ethel Swann Aleda Tenney Laura Percivall **Janet Stevenson** Margaret Stephenson Louise Powell Esteline Paxton Mimi Borcheis Marian Lindsev Mary Turk Phœbe Jones Lillian Parks Gertrude Long Anna Belle Garner

> > Jessielee Decker Mildred Fowler Rosalie Milnes



Ann Bell Patteson Mary Glenn Uhler Alice Wenger

Basket Ball Team.

"BLACK DIAMOND."

COLORS:

FLOWER:

Garnet and Blue.

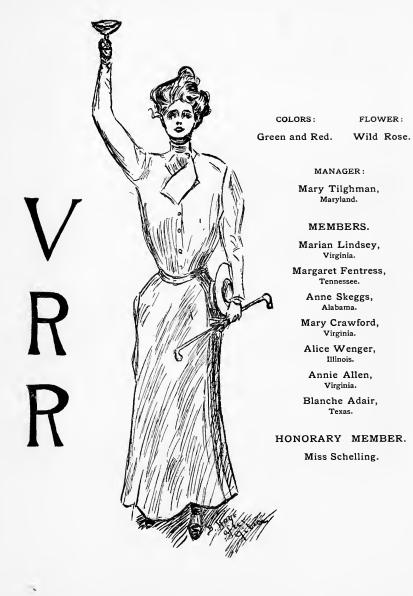
Red Carnation.

YELL.

Hobble, Gobble, Razzle, Dazzle, Siss! Boom! Bah! Black Diamond, Black Diamond, Rah! Rah! Rah!

Gertrude Rubel	Captain					
Susie Lee McElroy	Umpire					
Dorothy Henderson	Referee					
Janie Browning	Nannie Gillespie					
Nan Sudduth	Katie McGuffin					
Bessie Heard	Fannie Webb					
Helena Borcheis	Katie Betts					
Kathryn Heard	Mary Crane					
Lizette Straver						





Tennis Club.

P. Jones A. Allen M. G. Fulton M. Borcheis A. L. Fox N. L. Janney K. Bean A. B. Garner O. King L. L. Lake I. S. Budd F. Heiberger M. Lindsey H. L. Boyd P. Higgins G. E. Long M. V. Colby I. Jackson J. L. Decker L. Jackson R. Munger

S. L. McElroy J. Stephenson M. Slappey H. Morris M. Stephenson A. Tenney M. Orto E. Swann C. Woods L. Powell E. Seymour A. Wenger E. Paxton A. L. Worthington E. Spear L. O. Percivall S. L. Smith H. Waite N. Wallace L. B. Parks H. Sheldon





Y. W. C. A.

President
Vice-President
Corresponding Secretary Mary Robertson
Recording Secretary Virginia Brooke
Treasurer

The Y. W. C. A. is doing good work this year, and is already planning for a greater degree of usefulness next term. Great impetus was given to the work by the Third Annual Convention of the Y. W. C. A. of the Virginias, held in the Chapel November 28th to December 1st, 1902. By a unanimous vote of the delegates, it was decided to omit the convention for the coming year, and to devote the money to the employment of a State Secretary, a need which has long been felt among the Virginia Colleges. Much interest has been shown in the State Work, and Miss Mattoon, as Treasurer, has opened our eyes to many things deserving of careful consideration.

Aside from our regular Friday night meetings several have been held on Sunday evenings in the Chapel, and have been largely attended. Good singing is always a feature of these services. Much interest was shown when Miss Meetze talked of Settlement Work in New York.

We are encouraged by the progress the Y. W. C. A. is making in the South. The Gulf Division stands first in its Student Associations and is fast rising in the list of city work, while the Carolinas have taken steps to make Charleston the centre of city work in that territory, and other cities are in correspondence with the American Committee.

It is our earnest desire to send two delegates to the Student Conference to be held at Asheville, North Carolina, during the month of June. We know that we need the help to be derived from the Conference, for it is truly teaching the motto of the Association: "Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord."

The Alumnæ Association.

The Annual Meeting of the Alumnæ Association will be held on Friday, May 22nd, at eleven o'clock, in the Library.

Responses are expected to the five thousand copies of an appeal for raising five thousand dollars (\$5,000.00), to endow the Alumnæ Scholarship, which has been sent to all former pupils and the families of those deceased whenever their addresses were known.

The Association has lost one much-loved member, Miss Nannie Euritt of Churchville. Her poems will be recalled by many readers of "The Record."

There will be no election this year, the same Vice-Presidents serving in all the States, and the following general officers, all residing in Staunton:

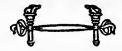
President-Mrs. Nellie Hotchkiss McCullough.

Corresponding Secretary-Miss Margaret B. McChesney.

Recording Secretary-Miss Kate E. Eichelberger.

Treasurer-Miss Janet K. Woods.

With an admission fee of one dollar, and annual dues of fifty cents each ensuing year, it seems possible for all old Seminary girls to join this Association, to whom a cordial invitation is extended to become members and "lend a hand."



IN MEMORIAM

Mrs. Kate St. Clair May-Willingham

Died April 26, 1903

TN the death of Mrs. Willingham, those who have known her from girlhood and during her school-life, feel that not only have they sustained a personal loss, but that the entire community has been bereaved in the removal from their lives of a woman of such rare loveliness of person and character. As a pupil of the Mary Baldwin Seminary, she was faithful and conscientious in her school duties, and beloved by her teachers. Those who came in contact with her, both in the relation of classmate and intructor had only the most affectionate memories of her, and rejoiced when she became a graduate of the school, and received the honor she so justly merited. After teaching several years in the West and South, she returned to the Seminary as a member of the faculty until her marriage, June 2nd, 1902. A bride of a few months, and just when life held for her so much of joy and blessing, God's finger touched her, and she slept.

IN MEMORIAM

Judge Charles Grattan

BORN DECEMBER 8, 1833 DIED JUNE 20, 1902

IN MEMORIAM

Eliza Winters McDermont

Died December 12, 1902

IN LOVING MEMORY

OF

ELIZA WINTERS MCDERMONT.

ONCE more the Reaper has come among us and taken from our lives a bright and joyous little floweret. But yesterday she was here, loved and petted by all; to-day she is gone, leaving behind hearts full of sorrow. But our tears should be dried, for this little flower shall bloom again

"in fields of light,
Transplanted by My care,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear.

O, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

The Presence Invisible.

Once beneath the stars I wandered
In a pensive mood, alone,
And my thoughts, while there I pondered,
Mingled with the ocean's moan.

Silver sands that stretched before me, And the golden moon above, The light zephyrs playing o'er me, Overwhelmed my soul with love.

Love for Him who caused my being, Whom I trusted as my guide, Whom I felt, without e'er seeing, To be ever at my side.

As He soothes yon water's motion, So He quiets me at will, When in midst of life's commotion, He commands my soul, "Be still!"

BLANCHE ADAIR.

Betsy Bell and Her Surroundings.



ETSY BELL and her surroundings when viewed in the time when the melancholy days have come and all Nature mourns for beauty that is no more, is not a scene which gladdens the heart. There is a glimpse of many houses close at hand, and the winding of several deserted streets. In the distance we see the tops of many large, dreary buildings, whose windows are iron-barred, and whose air of desolation makes us quickly turn from the sight. Close by, the eye rests on a mass of grey and white,

and now a multitude of mounds appear; it needs not the weather-beaten slabs at the head to tell of the quiet sleepers, who were at one time inmates of the iron-barred structure near by.

We look away to the fields near Betsy Bell, and finally to where the mountain itself looms up bleak, bare, cloud-capped against the sky, Around its base is sere brown grass, and its sides devoid of verdure, are but one mass of rock. Here and there are large areas covered with trees; some to which the withered leaves of autumn still cling, others standing with limbs bare and unsightly, bent often by the winter winds. On one side a hill of cold grey stones stands out, reminding us of the ruins of an old castle, while near by, like a huge serpent winding in and out till it reaches the top, we see a path beaten and bare, worn by the feet of many travellers. On each side we gaze on a different scene. No bleakness, no unsightliness there, for bright and beautiful and blue, sometimes with the blueness of the sea, sometimes of azure hue, always beautiful rises the Blue Ridge. A pleasing contrast to the grey, frowning heap which it surrounds. Such is Betsy Bell when the winter days are long, when the sun gives little warmth, and the winds make melody, when the spring has not yet come to her, when she has doffed her autumn glory. Having no part nor lot with the blue, smiling hills with which she seems to be encircled, she stands out dark and menacing against the sky, a solemn, silent sentinel looking down on the little town nestled at her foot, and keeping watch over the graves of those who rest so peacefully beneath her shadow. Thus, grim and unloyely, she stands when the storms of winter lower above her crest and all the world is cold and bleak. She is not always so. By and by, when the fierce north winds are hushed, and the world is bathed in soft spring sunlight, her signs of desolation will vanish; she, too, will stand forth clothed in beauty. Thus she seems a symbol of the lives of men. There comes a time into the life of all, when sorrow's hand is laid in heaviness and all is turned to darkness; when there is no light nor beauty, only the cold grey of the winter-all hope is gone. But just as the spring-time transforms the dark mountain, and gives her back her lost beauty, so time, the great healer, will be laid upon the stricken life, and from the ashes of the past will arise a sweet new life which will be but more fair in contrast to the dreary one when hope was not.

MARY EPPES ROBERTSON.



Baldwinopsis.

Just four more weeks, and us
The M. B. S. shall know no more
In all her course; nor yet in the dark library
Where our pale forms bent over many books,
Nor in the embrace of office shall exist
Our image. The world that nourished us, shall claim
Our growth, to be restored to her again,
And, leaving all our school books, shall we go
To mix forever with the populace.

A B C's at M. B. S.

A's for Aleda and Alice the fair,
And nothing can sever this lovable pair.

B's for the Bessies—we have quite a few, As to which is most charming, we'll leave that to you.

C is for Cameron, who talks a blue streak; She starts on a Monday and talks all the week.

D is for Dorothy, who wants to go home, It's safe to predict that she'll never more roam.

E is for Ethel, a maiden cotish, Her ruling passion—the chafing dish.

F is our Fannie, of sentiment deep, Affairs with her suitor she never can keep.

G is for Gertrude, here's sweets to the sweet, It's always a pleasure whenever we meet.

H is for Hill, who makes cupids and darts, We fear that those arrows have pierced our own hearts.

I is Ione, of garrulous mien, Who often is heard before she is seen.

J is for Josie, from over the sea, Some day she'll return to the heathen Chinee.

K in our alphabet, stands for sweet Kitty, She's winsome and gay, and exceedingly witty.

L for Louise, of lengthy dimension, To anything small she makes no pretension.

M's Marie B., like the Irishman's flea; You think that you've got her, but haven't, you see. N for our Ninas, of whom there are three, The graces combined, I'm sure you'll agree.

O for Ophelia, a Petersburg maid, Who neither of mice nor of men is afraid.

P is for Phœbe, who's almost a saint, At anything naughty she's quite sure to faint.

Q is for quiz, in short, an exam. Write of it, think of it, then if you can!

R is for Rosa, the talented maid, Whose music is heavenly, so it is said.

S is for Saide, of fairy like tread, This being mentioned, no more need be said.

T is for Turkey, the athlete so tall, Skilful in tossing the basket ball.

Uhler, her last name, her first, Mary Glenn, And now that you know her, we'll leave her again.

V for Virginia, heartless coquette,
Her numerous conquests we ne'er can forget.

W Williams, our Janie, you know; Whose smile, like the sunshine, dispels every woe.

X is the quantity always unknown, This letter has puzzled more brains than our own.

Y's for the maidens whose last name is Young, And with one accord their sweet praises are sung.

Z is for Zora, who brings up the rear, We leave you to guess of her future career.

A Valentine Party.

No one can say that Dullness here
Has found a habitation;
Whenever there's aught to celebrate,
We have a celebration.

And so one February day
'Twas rumored all about,
In honor of St. Valentine
There'd be a royal rout.

The King and Queen of Hearts had sent Command to one and all, That every one should present be At a most royal ball.

'Tis only once a century
That mortals can beguile
The creatures of another realm
On earth to spend a while.

So readily did all respond
That at the clock's first chime,
The anxious guests were at the door
All ready and on time.

The Baldwin girls are favored ones, I'm sure all would agree, If they could once participate In our gay revelry.

Upon a throne of snowy down Reclined the royal pair, And never was more gracious king, Nor yet a queen so fair.

From Heartland they had journeyed far, In hearts, too, they were dressed, And hearts they gave as souvenirs, And hearts they both possessed. Sweet messages they brought to those
Who for the absent sighed,
And sent them to consult the one
Who maidens' fortunes tried.

A candied heart each maiden ate,
And by its magic power,
Of her own sweetheart did she dream
That night, for one short hour.

A game of hearts was soon arranged, And fortunate was she Whose darting arrow found the spot Where arrows ought to be.

Another game was going on Which many did not spy, For Cupid was not idling time While he sat, up on high.

And one big heart suspended there Pathetic blood-drops shed,
A trophy of his heartless war—
A warning, it was said.

With lemonade the healths were drunk, And with the dawn of day, The King and Queen and all their court Betook themselves away.

Perhaps when one more hundred years
Have passed in Time's swift flight,
The future Baldwin girls may have
Just such a happy night.

BLANCHE ADAIR.

M. B. S. Book Shelves.

M. B. S. "Reign of Law."

Vermelle Lapsley "Little White Bird."

Marie Ramsey
"A Kentucky Cardinal."

Edna Phillips
"Webster's Unabridged."

Marie Bowles
"A Bow of Orange Ribbon."

Office "Seats of the Mighty."

Mr. King "It's Up to You."

Cameron Browning
"Maid at Arms."

Jessielee Decker
"Out of the West."

Eleanor Morris
"Ship of Dreams."

Edith Seymour
"Her Serene Highness."

Sadie Smith
"The Little Minister."

Marian Lindsey
"Princess Idleways."

The Primary Class "Helen's Babies."

Baldwin's 270 "Prisoners of Hope."

Missionary Society
"Mother Goose for Grown-Ups."

B. W.
"His Great Self."

Fannie Webb "Sentimental Tommy."

Lil and Phœbe "Two Little Pilgrims' Progress."

Bessie Brown "Slave of the Lamp."

Louise Powell "Through the Looking Glass"

Creel Tinder and Reine Harvey
"Heroines of Fiction."

Claude Coleman.
"Babs the Impossible."

Virginia Rosser "Essay on Man."

Marie Brunson
"An Earnest Trifler."

Elizabeth Hall "Many Inventions."

Katherine Bradford "The Philadelphian."

C. O. D. "The Wouldbegoods."

Phæbe Jones
"A Rebellious Heroine."

THE FACULTY "The Right of Way."

The Basket Ball Court
"The Battle Ground."

Ruth Givens "To Have and to Hold."

Mattie Anderson
'' Art for Art's Sake."

The Graduates "Hearts Courageous."

Mary Robertson "The Celebrity."

Culprits in Office "Les Miserables."

Superlatives.



Most Stylish
Best Musician
Best Figure
Cutest

Rosa Munger

"Can one desire too much of a good thing."



Best Athlete Ruth Givens "She took advantage of her strength to be first in the field."



Most Intellectual Mary Robertson "Sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought."



Best Singer Marie Ramsey
"A mellifluous voice, as I am a true knighte."

S.

M

Most Sarcastic Edith Seymour "Let me take you down a peg or two.,"

Most Popular Mary Turk

" None knew her but to love her, None named her but to praise."



Biggest Talker Creel Tinder

"Her reasons are as two grains of wheat
hid in two bushels of chaff."

The Pursuit of Happiness.

"O happiness, our being's end and aim! Good, pleasure, ease, content! whate'er thy name: That something still which prompts the eternal sigh, For which we bear to live, or dare to die."

What a peculiar statement that is, if you may call it such! Think of it. Do we really live to be happy? Is this the object of our living? Do we bear to live only that we may attain contentment? I believe very few of us if asked what our end and aim as a being is, would say "happiness." Most of us would advance some very plausible excuse for living, calling it by a high sounding title such as vocation "or calling," or something of the sort, while the would-be pious would roll their eyes and feel very much insulted if you should tell them they were living for happiness, that all they worked and hoped for was merely to be happy. The truth of the matter is, half of us do not know what we are working for. Some of us do not even work: a hand to mouth existence is the common lot of many. These many are as rafts tossed by every billow of life's sea. A few, like Napoleon, are the makers of their destinies. Napoleon! what a study he is! What was Napoleon's great ambition? Like Alexander he wished to conquer the world. Why? Because he loved power, he loved to rule. Yes, but what was his motive? Could he not have been as happy, living a quiet life, free from the responsibilities of state? Napoleon would have been happy only as a monarch of the world. The pursuit of happiness, that was what made a Cæsar, a Napoleon, an Alexander. Patriotic? They were not what one would call true patriots. Proud of the glory of their nations, they were yet prouder of their own personal glory.

Why does the poet write, the musician compose? They are happy in so doing. The music is in the soul, it must have an outlet in the harmony of sound or language. Why did Plato, Aristotle, Zeno, teach their various teachings? For the same reason.

But the martyrs, the glorious fathers of the faith in dying for the glory of their Master, surely they did not seek their own happiness? Could men knowing, believing what they did, deny the religion of their fathers, and be happy? Far from it, surely they are examples of seekers after happiness, the highest, best happiness. Their happiness was of the world beyond; joy was theirs in this world, the knowledge that what they did was right, but for their real happiness they looked toward heaven.

Noble men consider their special work the aim of their lives, and labor for happiness accordingly; but how many have a false idea of happiness! the millionaire in search of the almighty dollar considers money the means whereby he can purchase happiness. How little he knows! his eyes are filled with the dust of gold; like Midas he finds what he considers his greatest enjoyment, in yellow metal. How we all despise a mere human machine! Yet the machine, like the rest of us, is hunting happiness.

That beautitul young girl does not have to seek happiness; she is so fair, so innocent, happiness is her birth-right. No; she, too, has to race after this great prize; she loves admiration and flattery, to be acknowledged by all as a "belle" and a "social success." This, she thinks, would be "grand;" she, too, craves happiness. What her more studious sister would call "vainer shows," she delights in.

"Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,
"Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere."

Just watch yourself. How many of your very smallest acts, even some you do not think of at all, are performed with a view to happiness! If you analyze the motive, you will find this same desire to be happy, the underlying principle. You, even in such acts as eating and drinking, show this; you sacrifice the pleasure of a moment for the well-being and happiness of the future; weaker brothers "eat, drink, and be merry," thinking only of the happiness of the day.

In our friendship we seek after happiness, wishing to be thought well of, to have friends to help smooth our way, to sympathize with us. Of course, we love our friends for themselves; but, if we should consider it, I believe we should find we think a great deal of them for our own sakes.

Yes, all of us are pursuing happiness, searching for it from day to day; kings, princes, young and old, rich and poor, statesmen, philosophers, patriots, slaves, all join the great throng that press ever onward, looking as they go from side to side, in every nook and crevice, to find the great happiness. Even the "weeping philosopher" sought to find his contentment in tears. Ridiculous as it may seem, there are yet persons who take a morbid delight in melancholy and suffering, who endure their troubles with what they seem to think is a spirit of martyrdom; they grieve over the sins of the world, forgetting their own. As members of one great family, we all find happiness our "being's end and aim." Our methods may be at fault, for wise is he who knows that real worth, honesty, and integrity, are happiness; that the precious gift can be obtained only in sacrificing some present pleasure. The fool grasps blindly after an illusion, forfeiting his everlasting good for an iota of happiness. Hear what he says:

"Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why; Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where!"

O silly one! Behold the man who, with plodding steps and upturned face, seeks rightly after happiness; his joy is pure, unalloyed, he has found that which is above rubies.

Epicurus considered pleasure the source of all good. Epicurus said pleasure, not happiness. How alike, yet how unlike; mere pleasure so base, true happiness so noble. Pleasure deceives, but surely if we seek rightly after happiness, we shall find, and it is only to be found in true living.

ELEANOR DORSET MORRIS.

Want Column.

WantedA little brass Editors
WantedSome energy
Lost (since leaving home)Curly hair, beautiful complexion . Anybody
WantedA new case
WantedLess noise in the dining-room, young ladies
WantedA pink pill for a pale person C. Cleveland
WantedA few demerits Josie Woods
WantedSome good horse-sense N. L. Janney
Lost, Strayed, or Stolen Any information as to the
whereabouts of one Marie Brunson will be grate-
fully received Her Co-workers
$WantedA\ pompadour\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\ .\$
WantedA new prescription Dr. Henkel
WantedA little spare time to practice J. Bishop
WantedTo add a cubit to my stature L. Rubel
WantedA new mode of hair-dressing Louise Williams
WantedA holiday P. Q
WantedThe definition and pronunciation of Ph Miss Spaulding
WantedA new method of extracting funds Editors
WantedA few more pins E. Swann
$WantedPussy \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ . \ $
LostAn opportunity



Grinds.

"We dare not be as funny as we can."

Lizzie S.: "Up rose the sun, and up rose Emelie."

Susie Lee McE.: "She ruleth all the roost."

Mrs. Chase: "What is home without a mother?"

Louise Williams: "Let the world slide, let the world go, A fig for care and a fig for woe."

Laboratory: "That's the rankest compound of villainous smell that

Laura W.: "I never knew so young a body with so old a head."

Leila Drennan: "If lady be but young and fair, She hath the gift to know it."

Prof. B.: "A proper man as one shall see in a summer day."

Laura and Marian: "I do desire we may be better strangers."

Claude: "As prone to mischief, as able to perform it."

Elizabeth Hall: "And oft times excusing of a fault

Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse."

Marie Brunson: "Not a word, not one to throw at a dog?"

Mabel Leftwich: "Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep."

Mr. K.: "The mirror of all courtesy."

Nell W.: "And big round tears coursed one another down her innocent nose in piteous chase." Zora Knopsnyder: "What's in a name?"

Senior History Classes: They think too much; such maids are dangerous.

Edith Tim-: "There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio, than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

B. W.: "His howl is worse than his scratch."

Miss F.: " Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty."

Gore: "A head to contrive, a tongue to persuade, and a hand to execute any mischief."

Miss Riddle: "Thou art as wise as thou art beantiful."

Cameron: "And when she spake, her words did gather thunder as they ran."

Phœbe and Lil: "Let us embrace."

Louise P.: "Behold a child, by nature's kindly law Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,"

Miss M-t-n: Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend."

M. B. S. girl: "Some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there."

Marg S.: "O blest with temper whose unclouded ray Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day."

Miss Leftwich: "To err is human; to forgive divine."

Janie B. and Nan: "Thick as autumnal leaves, or grains of sand."

Nell Thomason: "She moves a goddess and she looks a queen."

Rosa M.: "And she had no wool on the top of her head,
The place where the wool ought to grow."

Joyce: "The sex is ever to a soldier kind."

Eleanor M.: "And, in fact, it adds a charm,

To spice the good a trifle with a little dust of harm."

Josie W.: "Who can blot this name with any just reproach?"

Harriet H.: "She filled the whole room, and oozed out at the

Ianie W.: "Good sense, which only is the gift of heaven."

The Helens: "They talked of shoes, and sealing-wax,

Of cabbages, and kings."

Grumblers: "If all the year were playing holidays,

To sport would be as tedious as to work."

Dorothy H.: "When I was at home, I was in a better place."

Cornelia M.: "Silence is deep as Eternity,

Speech is shallow as Time."

Annabel G.: "From the crown of her head to the sole of her foot

She is all mirth."

Senior 3d Lit.: "Comparisons are odious."

Janie B.: "I, whose eyes are wide to see,

All the things that are to be."

Miss Sp---ing: "Reproof on her lips, but a smile in her eye."

Marian L.: "For my part, getting up seems not so easy by half as

lving."

Mary T---gh---n: "Books cannot always please, however good."

Lil and Phœbe: "O what a tangled web we weave,

When first we practice to deceive!"

Margaret F.: "And when she sang, you heard a gush Of full-voiced sweetness, like a thrush."

Gabie: "One ear it heard, at t'other it went out."

Edna P: "Methinks she seems no bigger than her head."

Ione: "There's little of the melancholy in thee."

Study Hall: Who enters here, leaves tongue behind.

K. Bradford: "Words are like leaves, and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found."

Josie B.: "Fye, what a spendthrift she is of her tongue!"

Ethel S.: "I'll speak my mind and speak it plain."

Janet S.: "Say, sir; is it dinner time?"

Aleda T.: "Her eyes twinkled in her head aright,
As do the stars on a frosty night,"

Virna: "And never brooch the folds combined Above a heart more good and kind."

M. Crane: "Better late than never."

Gertrude R.: "She is as fresh as is the month of May."

Lit. Classes: "And when you stick on recitation's burrs,
Don't strew your pathway with those dreadful 'urs'."

Miss N. Tate: "And thus she walks among her girls,
With praises and with mild rebukes."

History Class: Unhappy the people whose annals are blank in history-books.

M. B. S. Girl: "It may seem easy now to cut your Latin, Gym, and such,

But oh, how it will cut you up, to find you've cut too much."

Addie B.: There's nothing so becomes a maid, As modest stillness and humility.

Miss M--tz: "Fashioned so slenderly, young, and so fair."

O. Gilmer: "I charge thee, fling away ambition."

Marsie B.: "Doth commit the oldest sins, in the newest kinds of ways."

Editors: "Tis pleasant sure, to see one's name in print;
A book's a book, although there's nothing in 't."



Quips and Cranks.

Bright Girl.—The coal strike can't affect M. B. S., for our buildings are heated with water.

Mildred F.—You certainly do use oodles of slang. Marg S.—You're cracked, I don't use slang.

B. B.— Have you ever been to Europe?

P. Hig--ns.—Oh, yes; I know all about the Europeans. They are like the antipodes, aren't they? Their feet are opposite ours.

Little Girl. - My capacity isn't capable of performing it.

Teacher.— Louise, what is the difference between ghostly and ghastly?

Louise W.—Why, the difference is in the spelling, of course.

Claude wants Miss S. to give her a Chopin Prejudice.

V. R. has just had a tooth abstracted.

Lydia H., (Congresman's daughter.)—Say, girls, wonder why we haven't heard any talk about the inauguration this year?

First Girl. - Who was Charon anyway?

Second Girl.—Why, he was the man that rowed the Israelites across the Red Sea.

First Girl.—You goose, you; that was Abraham.

Saide M.— Miss Streit, you must make lots of money selling postage stamps.

Ophelia.— But what will be the use of a secretary in the Tennis Club?

Ethel.- Oh, he'll have to keep the court in repair.

Miss S. gives us interesting lectures on the "blooming desert."

Miss S.— Give me the story of the "Babes in the Wood." Phœbe.—Don't ask me—I don't know a thing about the Bible.

S. S. Teacher.—Where is Canaan?
V. Rosser.—It's in Ireland. Oh no, it's where the Pilgrims struck.

Miss A. occasionally makes use of a choice bit of the latest slang, viz.—"rubber!"

Perplexed Scholar.— Does anyone know about the witch of Endor? Melle.— Of course, everyone does who has studied Macbeth.

Marie R. - Do you suppose we could find "adust" in the dictionary?

Helene (to literary aspirant.)—What a perfect compositor you are?

Geography Teacher.—What are the chief exports from France? Claude.—Styles.

Teacher .- What was the Passover?

Youthful Bible Scholar.—It was when Moses passed over the river Jordan.

K. Bradford.-Didn't Cotton Mather invent the cotton gin?

Helen S.— Isn't "O Death, where is thy sting?" from Pope? Helen W.— No. From "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Pupil.—Were there any women in the company that marched around the walls of Jericho?

Teacher.-No, for they marched around without saying a word.

Marie B.—Does a Johnsoniana mean something about our watchman?

Young Admirer.—Oh, Edith, I wish you would give me some of your grand sarcastic.

Virna (reading.)—What is a hip hen (hyphen)? Obliging Josie.—A young chicken, I guess.

With Miss Woods as a standard, it seems to be a feat to fit small feet.

The Hermit of the Swamp.



ON'T be a donkey, Jack! What do you want to leave old England for? Isn't she good enough for you?"

"Good enough, God bless her, but she isn't big enough to hold us poor devils of younger sons, so we have to strike out and leave her. What are we good for here, anyway—dancing round ball-rooms?"

"Oh, drop it; you're down in the mouth now, but when you've captured an American heiress, you'll come back singing another tune."

"Catch me, I've had enough of women, Dick; they're an uncertain lot; but I've seen a little American who may be worth knowing when she's a woman," and he puffed away at his pipe dreamily, with his thoughts evidently with the 'little American.' Then abruptly, "Well, if I want to be in time for that steamer—

" Plenty of time. Well, old fellow, here's to your success in America,

and a happy return to 'Oakdale Abbey'."

"Which will never be, with six lives between me and 'Oakdale.' There are some rare scamps among them, too. I'm no saint, but I'd make a better master at the Abbey than either Rodney or George; and as for my precious elder brother—well, there'll be high doings if he ever comes into possession!"

The two young men, John Morley and Richard Benson, were breakfasting together at the Adelphi Hotel in Liverpool, from which port the former was to sail that morning across the sea to a new land, where he could begin life with no handicap in the shape of an elder brother to interfere with his career.

A few hours later the young man stood on the deck of a great ocean liner, outward bound. He realized, for the first time, how much England was to him; and his heart went out to the land of his birth, in which

was all that he held most dear, and which he was leaving, perhaps, for ever. His eyes were dim as, after the last faint outlines of the shore had faded from his view, he turned his face toward the new world, and wondered what disappointments and successes, what victories or defeats, lay before him. But as he looked into the future, he could not see that in five short years, his father, his uncle, and old Sir George, would be lying in the Abbey Churchyard; that Rodney and the scapegrace elder brother would be sleeping quietly in African sands, after following Kitchener to Khartoum; while of the others who stood between himself and the title, one would meet his death in the hunting field, and the other in the blue waters of the Bay of Naples. Long he stood gazing out over the ocean, then he shook himself together and went below.

PART II.

Miss Katherine Forrester, New York.

To Miss Evelyn Beauchamp,

Holmes Manor, Surrey.

Dear Evelyn:

You see we have left Florida and are back again in New York. Do you remember telling me in your last letter of your missing English friend, the heir of Oakdale? Well, the day after I got your letter, father picked up a paper which told the same story, and gave an account of the strange way in which the path to his inheritance was made clear for him. Isn't it romantic, especially as they have searched for him so long without success? Now, if anyone were to put that into a novel, it would be simply laughed at. I cut out the slip to send to you, but lost it. We had an adventure, Evelyn, a real adventure. We stopped at a little place called Castra, where there was absolutely no attraction, save the possibility of long and lovely walks. One day, father and I were taking advantage of this one attraction, but presently we found ourselves wandering about aimlessly; to make a long story short, we were lost, simply and ignominiously lost. You may imagine our state of mind, as we were both very tired, and father was supposed to be out for his health. I began to have visions of the "Babes in the Wood:" and father made a few remarks that would not look well in print.

While we were trying to get our bearings we came across an old darkey. If I were an artist, I would make a sketch of him for you, but I am not, and words fail to describe him. However, he was very polite, and bowed and scraped energetically when we accosted him. Father asked him how far we were from Castra.

"Lawd, suh," he replied; "how y'all specs you gwine get to dat place this ebenin'?"

" But how far is it?" insisted father.

"Right smaht piece, suh; reckon its mos' fifteen miles."

Our hearts sank within us, for we were getting more and more tired, and I was getting anxious about father. After some hesitation, the old darkey came to our relief and offered to lead us to the Cap'n's, where we might rest a while. We had no idea of who the Cap'n was, but we did not care, and we thankfully followed old Bob. He led us along a corduroy road, through a swamp which was a veritable jungle, so thick was the underbrush.

Soon we saw before us a couple of little cabins, or "shacks," as they call them there, on a piece of ground, which was high enough above the swamp to be comparatively dry, and they were simply surrounded with flowers. Oh, Evelyn, I wish you could have seen those flowers! Roses of every description made the air heavy with their fragrance; the very trees—orange, lemon, and date palm—were loaded with blooms. It was a little Garden of Eden in a swamp.

The "Cap'n" was not at home, but Bob, our "Black Knight," ushered us into the larger of the cabins, gave us chairs, and disappeared.

The place was bare, but neat enough, and the furniture all hand-made. We were surprised to see, on one side of the room, several shelves filled with hooks, good books, too. Indeed, everything around us indicated an unexpected degree of cultivation in the owner of the cabin.

Some time passed and no one came; thinking we would take a look around, we went to the door, getting there just in time to see what looked like a huge, long-stemmed toadstool, coming up the cordurory road. We realized that this must be our host.

His costume was, to say the least, informal. He wore a soft dark shirt, knickerbockers, and an immense soft straw hat, which flopped up and down as he walked. He may have been thirty; perhaps more, evidently a gentleman, with pleasant blue eyes and dark hair, and a good deal over medium height.

Father explained our presence, and asked his advice as to the shortest way home.

"I am afraid," replied our host, "that it will be impossible for you to reach Castra to-night, as a storm is coming up which promises to be an unusually heavy one."

Father and I looked at each other in despair, whereupon the "Cap'n" offered us his cabin for the night. We were unwilling to impose upon him in that manner, but there was no help for it, and we gratefully accepted his hospitality.

At supper we found that Bob was the Capt'n's servant, for he waited on us at the table, grinning like a Cheshire cat all the while. I don't believe he was as pleased as he looked, for I heard him grumbling at the idea of "Comp'ny and no meat." There was not any meat, but there were plenty of better things.

Our host entertained us pleasantly all the evening, showed us his curiosities, told stories of his boyhood—it seems he is English born—but he never once mentioned his name.

Now comes the curious part. I know I have seen him before, but try as I will, I cannot remember when nor where. Isn't that tantalizing? And I'm almost sure he recognized me, too.

When we went back to the village in the morning, everyone was astonished to learn where we had been. "Why," they said, "the Cap'n has lived out there for more than four years, but nobody knows who he is, or where he came from!" So, you see, he seems to be a man whose

"history is a mystery." But while we staid in Castra I had occasion to remember him gratefully, for my room was always fragrant with the lovely roses we had carried home with us.

Soon after leaving Castra father was suddenly called home, so our trip was cut short; but we will go again some day. I don't mind so much, for the business that brought us home will soon take us to England. So, my dear Evelyn, you and I will soon he together again, and we must not fail to visit the masterless Oakdale Abbev.

Ever your own,

KATHERINE.

P. S. I certainly would like to know where I have seen the "Hermit of the Swamp" before.

PART III.

In the Florida swamp, the Captain was busy among his roses, but his thoughts went back to his boyhood in England; to the "little American" who has attracted him there, and who, in her charming womanhood, had been his guest in this very cabin, but a month ago; back too, to his parting with Dick, and he remembered how, as the great steamer bore him westward to the unknown land, he had dreamed of his future there.

His mind went back to his short but weary struggle in New York, where he had fallen just short of success in everything he tried. Then, giving up the idea of a career, and with the instinct of a country squire strong within him, he had bought "a bit of land" in Florida, and he could smile now, as he thought of the "hummock" in the midst of the swamp, that he had found. His books were his only possessions, and he remembered how he and the old darkey, Bob, had built these two little cabins. Then he thought with a smile, how, when he was ready to pay Bob and dismiss him, the old fellow had absolutely refused to leave him, and from that day to this had been to him a true and faithful servant.

Then his thoughts strayed farther back to the old Abbey, and he wondered what changes had come to it. Again, these wayward thoughts veered to his guests of the month before, how he had recognized Katherine Forrester at once, and had read in her face that she, too, vaguely remembered, but did not identify him. Then it occurred to him

that he had seen a slip of newspaper on the table, after the Forresters had gone, and in a few moments went into the house, returning with the clipping in his hand, having rescued it from Bob's usual catch-all, the table drawer.

He began to read listlessly, but as he went on, his expression changed to that of a man dazed by a blow; and it was a blow, for the slip recorded his own story and told him that he was master of Oakdale Abbey, and that search was being made for him the world over.

As he finished his third reading, Bob appeared waving a legal-looking letter over his head. "Hi, Cap'n, y'ere's de furst letter y'alls done got since I'se been wurking for y'all."

Morley took it, finding to his surprise that it had no post-mark, which Bob explained, saying that it had come to the postmaster at Castra with a note, asking him to forward to its destination. The letter confirmed the amazing story that he had just read. "Well, I'll be blowed," he said, "how did those fellows find me out?" He, of course, could know nothing of Katherine's letter to Evelyn, or how Evelyn had caught at the clue, and sent the letter to the lawyer in the case.

The old darkey thought his master had suddenly gone crazy when, waving the letter wildly in the air, he shouted in a tone Bob had never heard before:

"Hurrah, Dick, old fellow! Here's to the 'little American' and a happy return to Oakdale Abbey!"

ELEANOR LILLIAN WHITE.



When Grandma was sweet sixteen
A winsome maid was she.
She lacked not suitors for her hand—
She was admired throughout the land,
Though prim as prim could be.

No golf or tennis did she play, She could not shoot nor swim, She did not use the modern slang, It had not then "come in."

Though not accomplished in these arts,
Her friends proclaimed her sweet.
In modest way she captured hearts,
And held them at her feet.

A Word from Old Girls.

Celia Mason Timberlake is teaching music at Lee's Collegiate Institute, Jackson, Ky.

Lutie Moore is visiting in Houston, Texas.

Nora Fraser is teaching at Chatham Episcopal Seminary.

Helen Barnes is teaching at Parnassus.

Bessie Leftwich is teaching at the M. B. S.

Rebecca Gilkeson is at the University of Chicago.

Margaret Kable is teaching in Staunton.

Mary and Mattie Winston spent six months abroad.

Mary Gaines is visiting in Washington.

Millicent Lupton visited in Philadelphia.

Maisie Irons is at home.

Elsie Hamilton is teaching music at the Virginia School for the Deaf and Blind.

Evelyn Chase is in Waynesboro.

Irene Strayer is studying art in Harrisonburg.

Miss Charlotte Kemper has returned from Brazil, where she was engaged in missionary work, and has visited the Seminary several times.

Jessie Tredway is in Richmond, visiting her sister.

Louise Carr and Maggie McFadden are attending school at National Park Seminary, Washington, D. C.

Ruth Finley is with her sister, Mrs. Gilkeson, in Parkersburg, W. Va. Mary Yost is attending Vassar.

Nell Cochran spent the winter in New York, paying flying visits to points near there.

Mildred Powers went to school in Roanoke, Va., for part of the year.

Bertha Smith spent the winter at home, Brazil, Ind.

Mattie White is teaching in Oklahoma.

Eulalie Chaffee is attending Converse College.

Mary Armstrong is attending school in Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Louise Bellamy and Mary Lewis are in Wilmington, N. C.

Martha Paxton visited in Richmond, Norfolk, and Baltimore.

Helen Scott visited in Bethlehem, and New York, this winter.

Josie Gilkeson is teaching at Klienburg.

Eugenia Harvey is going to Miss Sempale's school in New York.

Mary Royster is attending school at Madame Lafevre's, in Baltimore.

Lillian Finney is going to school in San Antonio, Texas.

Fanny Campbell and Margaret Kline are at home, Yazoo City, Miss.

Sally Gibson is teaching at Warm Springs, Va.

Louella Gilliam has been visiting in Peoria, Ill.

Irene Gilliam spent the winter traveling with her mother.

Nell White made her debut in Savannah, Ga., and visited Nell Cochran in the spring.

Fanny Royster has been visiting in Cuba, Florida, and Savannah.

Aldine Howell is at National Park School in Washington.

Alice Craig spent the winter in Piedmont, Ala.

Ella Smith is teaching music at Clifton Forge.

Willamai Teague went to school in Sherman, Texas, but had to return home on account of her health.

Edna Smith has been traveling in California and New Mexico.

Viola Morris is going to the University.

Ethelynd Bonafield has been visiting in Staunton.

Elizabeth Haw has made several trips to Richmond this winter.

Lucy Boyd has been in Savannah part of the winter.

Elizabeth Turnbull is living in Lexington, Va., and spent a day at the Seminary.

Jodie Williams spent some time in Staunton last fall.

Alumnæ Brides.

Lavilla Belknap Lyons to Mr. Langdon Lea, November 12, 1902, Charlottesville, Virginia.

Cornelia Irene McMillan to Mr. Ross Wade Newell, October 28, 1902. Louisiana.

Irene Stephens to Dr. Donald Jackson Frick, September 15, 1902, Los Angeles, California.

Irene Mildred Taylor to Mr. Irl Armstrong, June 11, 1902, Pine Bluff, Arkansas.

Mary Lockwood Gould to Mr. Burnet Fulton Foulds, October 14, 1902, Parkersburg, West Virginia.

Page Osborne to Mr. George Bryan, October 22, 1902, Petersburg, Virginia.

Jennie Mae Peck to Mr. John Edwin Williams, September 18, 1902, Staunton, Virginia.

Kate St. Clair May to Mr. William Allen Willingham, July 2, 1902, Staunton, Virginia.

Sadie Todd to Mr. Clarence Seaton, Staunton, Virginia.

Anna Dee Howell to Mr. Waller Chanslor, November 26, 1902, Waynesville, North Carolina.

Ellen Campbell Pancake to Rev. John Edmunds Brower, June 5, 1902, Romney, West Virginia.

Elizabeth Jane Jones to Rev. Matthew Ernest Hansel, September 17, 1902, Doe Hill, Virginia.

Julia Ada Bantz to Mr. Thomas Beardsworth, August 20, 1902, Winchester, Virginia.

Effie Audrey Lacy to Mr. William Herbert Hale, May 21, 1902, Richmond, Virginia.

Mabelle Pitkin to Mr. Frank Marius Johnson, August 29, 1902, South Windsor, Connecticut.

Sharp Williams to Mr. Edwin R. Holmes, November 25, 1902, Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Elizabeth Windsor Moore to Mr. Harry Spencer Bradley, September 3, 1902, Muskagee, Indian Territory.

Katherine Stoneman Williams to Mr. Henry Rutgers Ford, September 10, 1902, Buffalo, New York.

Frieda Haberkamp to Mr. J. Barbour, Yazoo City, Mississippi.

Mary Augusta Moon to Mr. Edward Newton Newman, March 25, 1903, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Amelia Pearson to Mr. Hugh Philip Cooper, January 28, 1903, Harrodsburg, Kentucky.

Caroline Mae Wilder to Mr. William Adair Murrill, April 2, 1903, Charlotte, North Carolina.



M. B. S. Register.

Adair, Blanche,	Houston, Tex.	Coleman, Marguerite,	San Antonio, Tex
Allen, Annie Wilson,	Buchanan, Va.	Crane, Mary L.,	Exeter, Mo
Allen, Jane McClellan,	Staunton, Va.	Crawford, Estelle M.,	Staunton, Va
Anderson, Mattie,	Front Royal, Va.	Crawford, Mary P.,	Mt. Meridian, Va
Baile, V. Marie,	New Windsor, Md.	Crosby, Mattie E.,	Staunton, Va
Baker, Beulah,	Aberdeen, Md.	Danner, Margaret M.,	Annex, Va
Bean, Katherine L.,	Clinton, S. C.	Davidson, Margaret M.,	Millboro Springs, Va
Bell, Elizabeth A.,	Staunton, Va.	Decker, Jessielee,	Magnolia, Ark
Bell, Martha V.,	Lewisburg, West Va.	De Vier Hortense,	Harrisonburg, Va
Bell, Sarah Jane,	Staunton, Va.	Dickenson, Mary,	Staunton, Va
Betts, Katie E.,	Hope, Ala.	Dooley, Elizabeth E.,	Rockville, Ind
Bishop, Joyce,	Carthage, Mo.	Drennan, Leila M.,	Taylorsville, Ind
Blackburn, Faye W.,	Staunton, Va.	Duncan, Josephine E.,	Staunton, Va
Blackburn, Henrietta,	Staunton, Va.	Eakle, Margaret C.,	Coiner's Store, Va
Blackburn, Mary P.,	Staunton, Va.	Edmondson, Eva B.,	Staunton, Va
Borcheis, Helene,	Richmond, Va.	Ellis, Susie A,	Clarksville, Tenn
Borcheis, Mimi A.,	Richmond, Va.	Eisenberg, Lilian,	Staunton, Va.
Borden, Rachel H.,	Goldsboro, N. C.	Eisenberg, Louise,	Staunton, Va.
Bowles, Lucy B.,	Staunton, Va.	Eisenberg, Mary C.,	Staunton, Va.
Bowles, Marie,	Staunton, Va.	Fauntleroy, Louise C.,	Staunton, Va.
Boyd, H. Laura,	Oxford, Ga.	Fentress, Margaret,	Memphis, Tenn.
Bradford, Katherine C.,	Philadelphia, Pa.	Ford, Nellie R.,	Kansas City, Mo.
Bragg, Margaret B.,	Roanoke, Va.	Fowler, Mildred B.,	Washington, D. C.
Brooke, Virginia T.,	Alexandria, Va.	Fox, Allie L.,	Pine Bluff, Ark.
Brown, Elizabeth S.,	Bridgeport, Ky.	Frank, Hazel,	Johnstown, Pa.
Browning, Janie M.,	Pocahontas, Va.	Fraser, Margaret,	Staunton, Va.
Browning, Reba,	Pocahontas, Va.	Fretwell, Lois H.,	Staunton, Va.
Browning, W. Cameron,	Pocahontas, Va.	Fulton, M. Gore,	Bardstown, Ky.
Brubaker, H. Addie,	Berlin, Pa.	Fulton, Nannie B.,	Staunton, Va.
Brunson, Marie C.,	Mars Bluff, S. C.	Garner, Anna Bell,	Little Silver, N. J.
Burwell, Julia,	Staunton, Va.	Gillespie, Nannie B.,	Tazewell, Va.
Bush, Grace E.,	Staunton, Va.	Gilmer, Ollie,	San Antonio, Tex.
Bush, Ruth E.,	Staunton, Va.	Givens, Ruth,	Providence, Ky.
Carter, Hill M.,	Washington, Va.	Glenn, Mabel,	Staunton, Va.
Cleveland, Carmelite,	Cleburne, Tcx.	Glover, Leslie,	Staunton, Va.
Colby, Virna,	Houston, Tex.	Goodwin, Marguerite,	Fishersville, Va.
Coleman, Claude,	San Antonio, Tex.	Green, Annie E.,	Gregory, Tex.

Green, M. Faye,	Gregory, Tex.	Kable, Cornelia M.,	Staunton, Va-
Griffith, Nancy V.,	Paris, Ky.	Ker, Margaret P.,	Staunton, Va.
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Gwinn, Joe W.,	Grenada, Miss.	Knopsnyder, Zora E.,	Horton, W. Va.
Gwinn, Sarah W.,	Grenada, Miss.	Lake, Louise L.,	Chicago, Ill.
Hall, Elizabeth L.,	Pittsburg, Pa.	Landes, Bessie W.,	Staunton, Va.
Hamilton, Margaret O.,	Snyder, Va.	Lang, Irma,	Staunton, Va.
Hamilton, Marguerite,	Staunton, Va.	Langford, Helena,	Staunton. Va.
Hamilton, Willa Belle	Staunton, Va.	Lapsley, Vermelle,	Greenville, Va.
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Heard, Bessie,	McKinney, Tex.	Leftwich, Katie,	Staunton, Va.
Heard, Katie F.,	McKinney, Tex.	Leftwich, Mabel,	Staunton, Va.
Heard, Nina,	McKinney, Tex.	Lindsey, Marian A.,	Alexandria, Va.
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Higgins, Philo D.,	Brooklyn, N. Y.	Martin, Lilla K.,	Bluffton, S. C.
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Hood, Cobbie,	Cutbbert, Ga.	McCue, Nannie,	Rolla, Va.
Hoover, Mary B.,	Carlisle, Pa.	McDermont, Katherine,	Dayton, O.
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Houston, Harriet H.,	Pittshurg, Pa.	McDermont, Rosalie,	Dayton, O.
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Huffman, Lola R.,	Staunton, Va.	McDonald, Hazel R.,	Fairmont, W. Va.
Hughes, A. Pearle,	Charlestown, W. Va.	McElroy, Susie Lee,	Richmond, Va.
Hughes, Janet,	Staunton, Va.	McGuffin, Katie W.,	Sewell, W. Va.
Hupman, Evelina G.,	Staunton, Va.	Mead, Marjorie,	Marietta, O.
Hutcheson, Mrs. Charle	es F., Staunton, Va.	Meetze, Elizabeth,	Washington, D. C.
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Wallace, Minnie,	Magnolia, Ark.	Wilson, Sallie B.,	South Boston, Va.
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Webh, Frances,	Vienna, Md.	Woods, Josephine W., Tsing, Kiang Pu, China.	
Weller, Lilian W.,	Staunton, Va.	Worthington, Annie Lau	rie, Bel Air, Md.
Wenger, Alice M.,	Cairo, Ill.	Young, Leila M.,	Staunton, Va.
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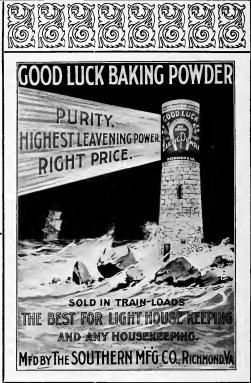
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